MARVEL
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IN THIS ISSUE: MEET MELMAC'S GREATEST SUPER HEROES --
THE UNCANNED X-MELMEN
ALF
WELL, FINE! I'LL FORM MY OWN GROUP! ALF-a-FLIGHT!
PROFESSOR CHARLES XYLOPHONE'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED MELMUTANTS
MANAK
12
0 71486 02278 7

MICHAEL GALLAGHER WRITER * DAVE MANAK PENCILER * MARIE SEVERIN INKER COLORIST * RICK PARKER LETTERER * SID JACOBSON EDITOR * TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

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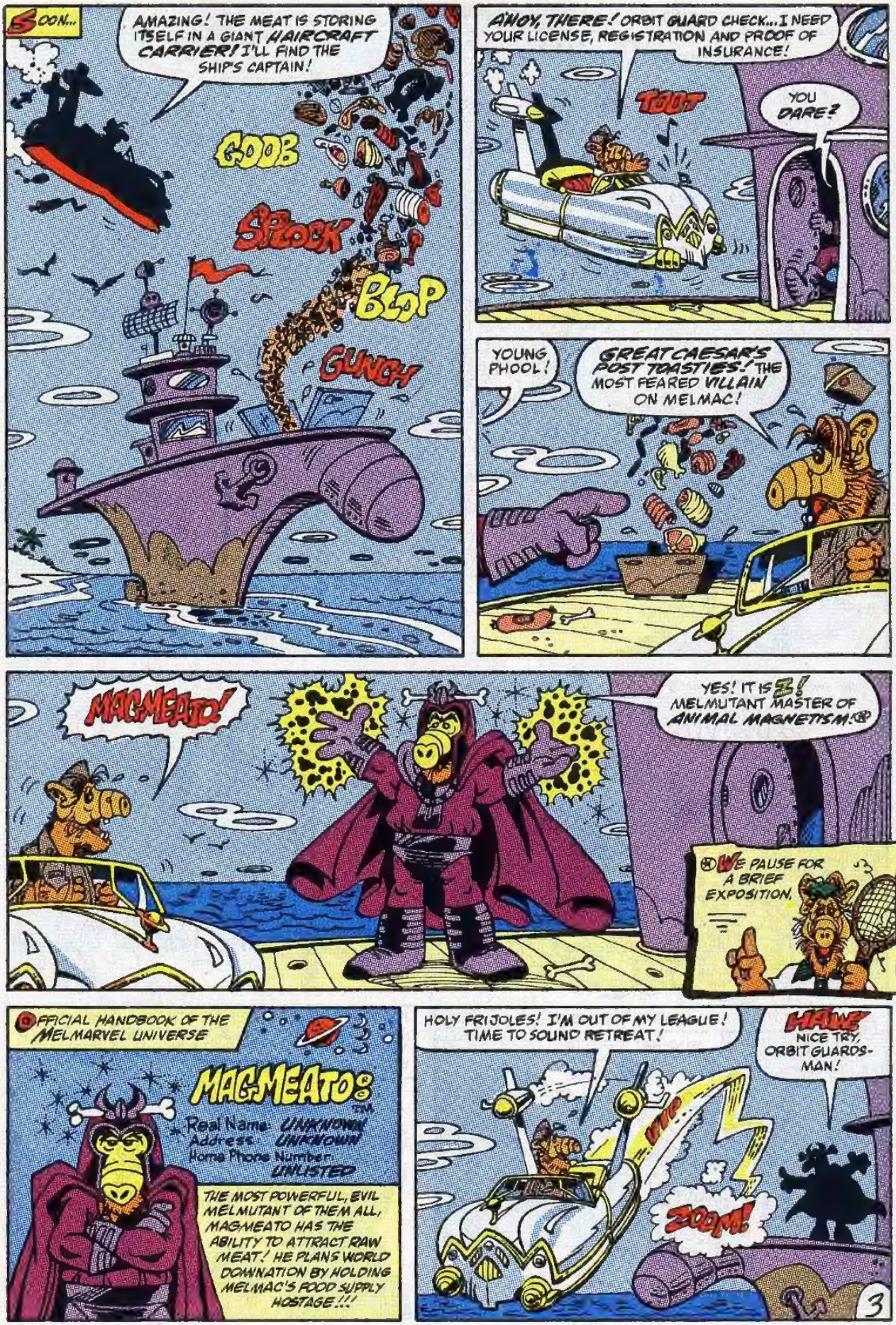
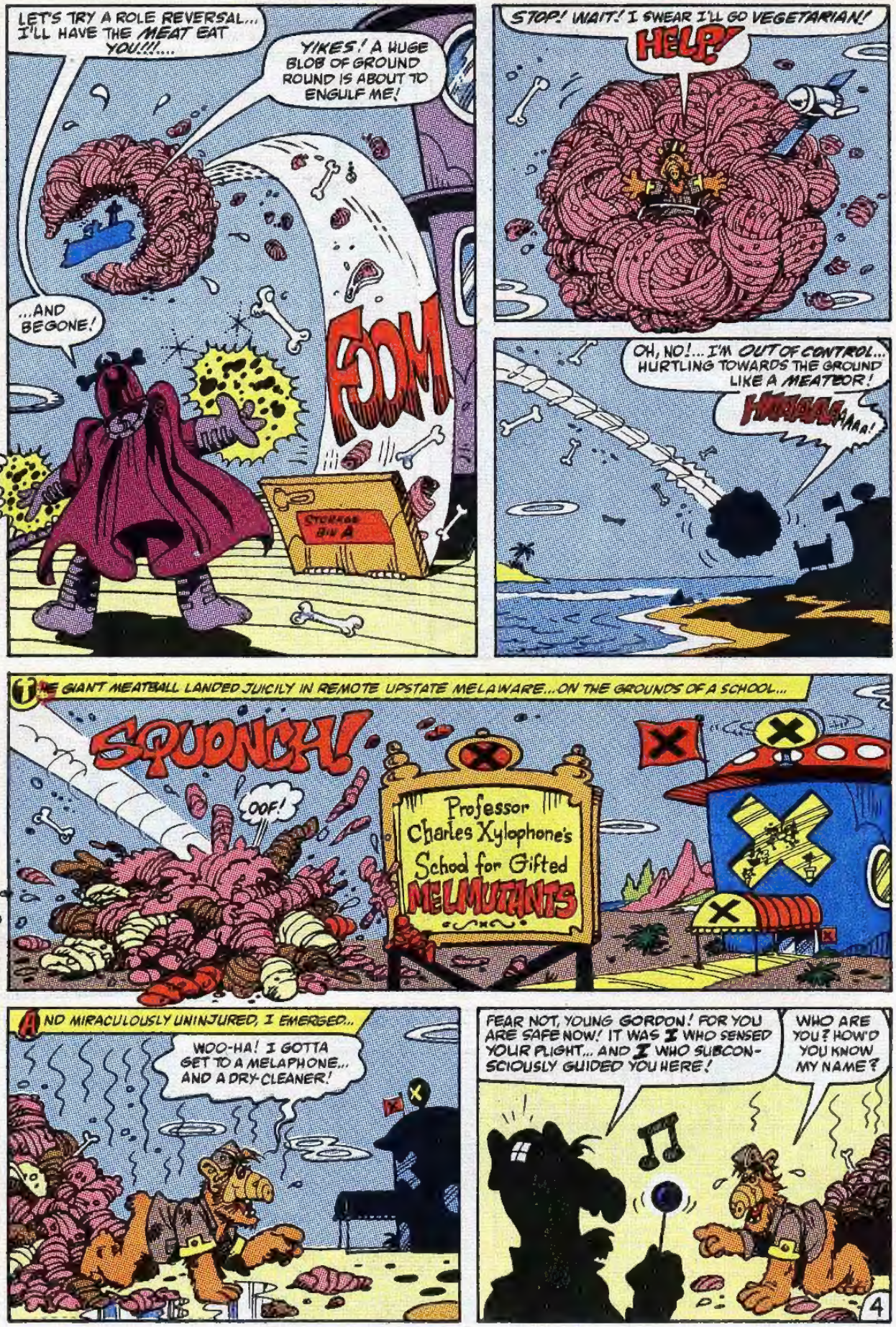
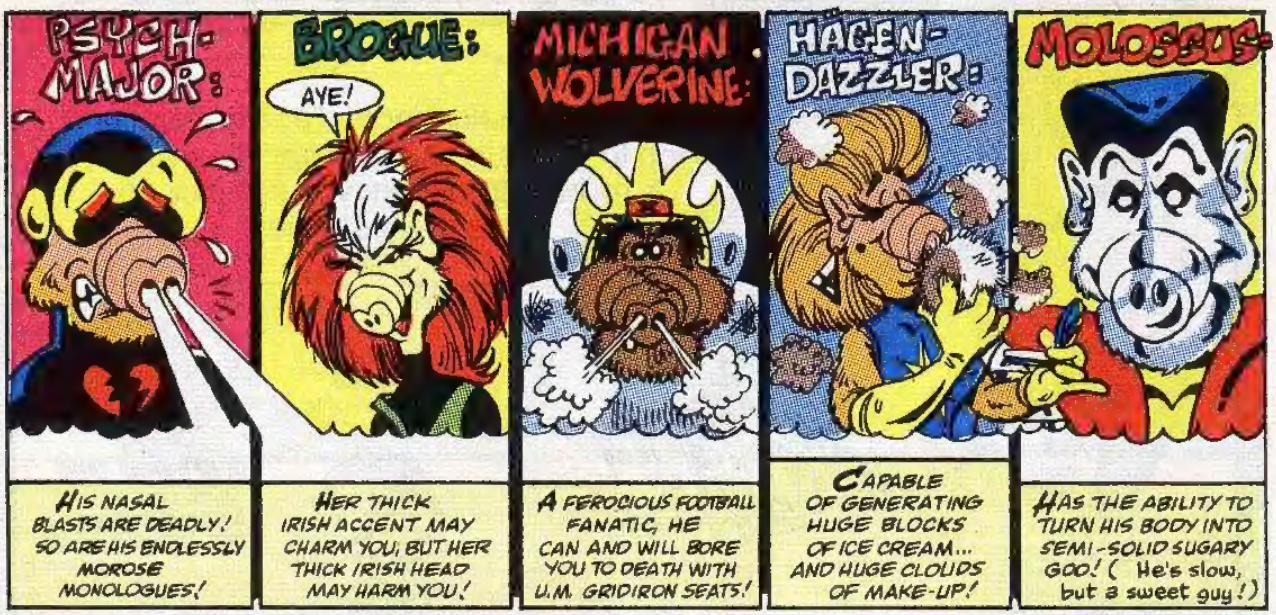
HIYA, WILLIE! I'M JUST IMITATING MY HERO, John Mel McEnroe!
WELL, YOU CAN...
STOP!
WHAT YOU CAN DO INSTEAD, IS CLEAN THESE BALL MARKS OFF THE WALL!
AW, WILLIE! EVERYBODY HAS SOMEONE THEY EMULATE! SPORTS FIGURES, PASTRY CHEFS, SUPER HEROES...
AHHH... SUPER HEROES! DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE GREATEST (AND BEST-SELLING) MELMACIAN TEAM OF SUPER HEROES?
ALF... THERE'S NO TIME FOR A MELMAC FLASHBACK!
SURE THERE IS, WILLIE! THIS IS ONLY PAGE 2 OF A 32-PAGE LAUGH-LOADED, FUN-FILLED ISSUE... IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS ON STANDARD ORBIT GUARD PATROL... SUDDENLY, I SAW--
A VERY STRANGE-LOOKING BIRD MIGRATION... A HUGE FLOCK!
GORD OF BOARD
CORRECTION: THEY'RE NOT BIRDS AT ALL... IT'S A MASSIVE AIRBORNE STREAM OF...
MEAT!
USDA
THIS MAKES ME CURIOUS... (AND HUNGRY!) I'LL PURSUE THE MEATY MASS TO ITS DESTINATION!
CHOWABUNGA!
VOOM!!
2

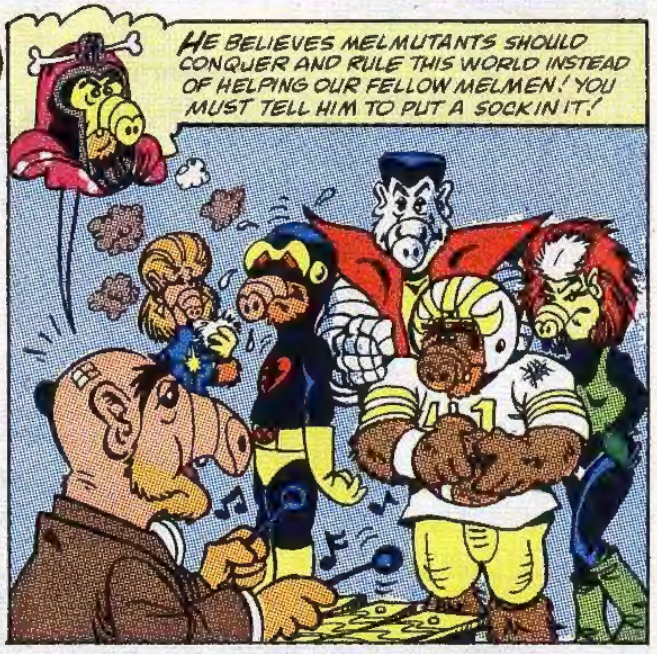

SOON...
AMAZING! THE MEAT IS STORING ITSELF IN A GIANT HAIRCRAFT CARRIER! I'LL FIND THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN!
GOOP
SPLOCK
BLOP
GUNCH
AHOY, THERE! ORBIT GUARD CHECK... I NEED YOUR LICENSE, REGISTRATION AND PROOF OF INSURANCE!
TOOT
YOU DARE?
YOUNG PHOOL!
GREAT CAESAR'S POST TOASTIES! THE MOST FEARED VILLAIN ON MELMAC!
MAGMEATO!
YES! IT IS I! MELMUTANT MASTER OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM!
WE PAUSE FOR A BRIEF EXPOSITION.
OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MELMARVEL UNIVERSE
MAGMEATO™
Real Name: UNKNOWN
Address: UNKNOWN
Home Phone Number: UNLISTED
THE MOST POWERFUL, EVIL MELMUTANT OF THEM ALL, MAGMEATO HAS THE ABILITY TO ATTRACT RAW MEAT! HE PLANS WORLD DOMINATION BY HOLDING MELMAC'S FOOD SUPPLY HOSTAGE!!!
HOLY FRIJOLES! I'M OUT OF MY LEAGUE! TIME TO SOUND RETREAT!
HAW! NICE TRY, ORBIT GUARDSMAN!
ZOOM!
3

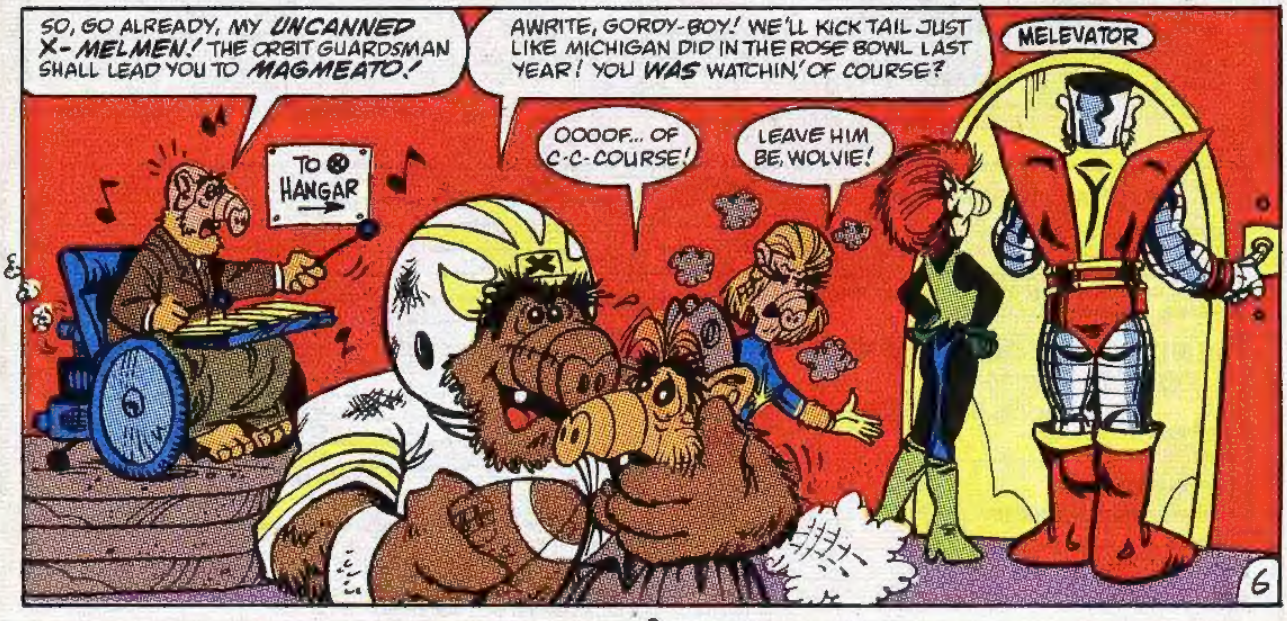

LET'S TRY A ROLE REVERSAL... I'LL HAVE THE MEAT EAT YOU!!!....
YIKES! A HUGE BLOB OF GROUND ROUND IS ABOUT TO ENGULF ME!
...AND BEGONE!
FOOM
STOP! WAIT! I SWEAR I'LL GO VEGETARIAN!
HELP!
OH, NO!... I'M OUT OF CONTROL... HURTLING TOWARDS THE GROUND LIKE A MEATEOR!
AAAA!
THE GIANT MEATBALL LANDED JUICILY IN REMOTE UPSTATE MELAWARE...ON THE GROUNDS OF A SCHOOL...
SQUONCH!
OOF!
Professor Charles Xylophone's School for Gifted MELMUTANTS
AND MIRACULOUSLY UNINJURED, I EMERGED...
WOO-HA! I GOTTA GET TO A MELAPHONE... AND A DRY-CLEANER!
FEAR NOT, YOUNG GORDON! FOR YOU ARE SAFE NOW! IT WAS I WHO SENSED YOUR PLIGHT... AND I WHO SUBCONSCIOUSLY GUIDED YOU HERE!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME?
4

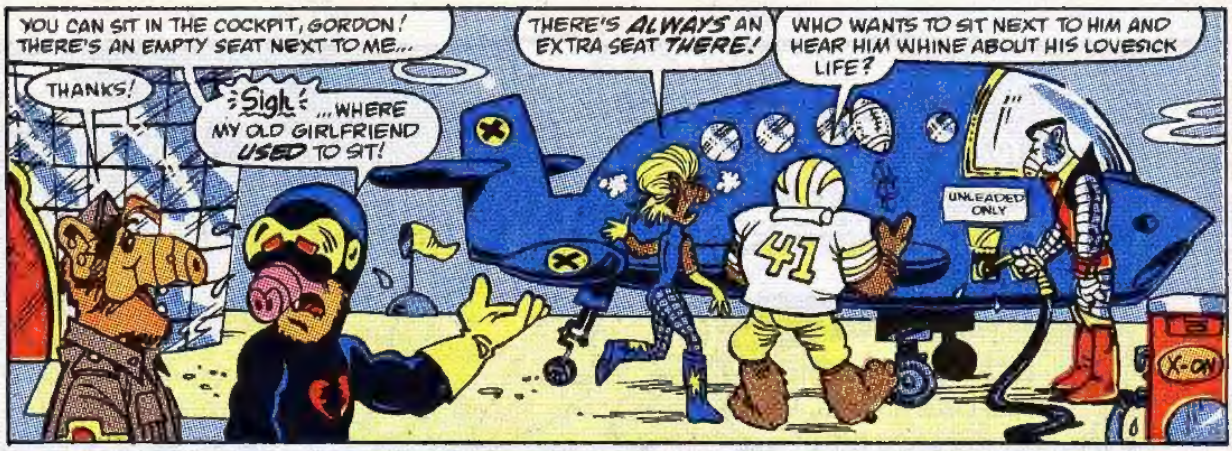
I AM PROFESSOR CHARLES XYLOPHONE--A POWERFUL MELEPATH WHO CAN READ MINDS! BUT WE'LL CHAT LATER! RIGHT NOW YOU'LL FOLLOW ME SO WE CAN DISCUSS MAGMEATO! HURRY!
SURE!
HMF! WHO DIED AND LEFT YOU EMPEROR, BALDY?
AND WATCH WHAT YOU'RE THINKING!
NO OFFENSE, PROF... BUT MAGMEATO'S BAD GNUS! BETTER LET ME CALL IN THE GUARD!
MY STUDENTS WILL DEAL WITH HIM!
STUDENTS?! THIS IS NO JOB FOR KIDS, SIR!
OH, THESE ARE NOT KIDS, YOUNG GORDON...
INTIMATE DANGER ROOM
THESE ARE THE UNCANNED
X-MELMEN
TM © (PAT. PENDING)
I'LL POINT THEM OUT TO YOU...
MOLOSSUS!
PSYCH-MAJOR!
ROGUE!
MICHIGAN WOLVERINE!
HÄAGEN-DAZZLER!
5


PSYCH-MAJOR:
BROGUE:
AYE!
MICHIGAN WOLVERINE:
HAGEN-DAZZLER:
MOLOSSUS:
HIS NASAL BLASTS ARE DEADLY! SO ARE HIS ENDLESSLY MOROSE MONOLOGUES!
HER THICK IRISH ACCENT MAY CHARM YOU, BUT HER THICK IRISH HEAD MAY HARM YOU!
A FEROCIOUS FOOTBALL FANATIC, HE CAN AND WILL BORE YOU TO DEATH WITH U.M. GRIDIRON SEATS!
CAPABLE OF GENERATING HUGE BLOCKS OF ICE CREAM... AND HUGE CLOUDS OF MAKE-UP!
HAS THE ABILITY TO TURN HIS BODY INTO SEMI-SOLID SUGARY GOO! (He's slow, but a sweet guy!)

GATHER ROUND, STUDENTS! THIS IS ORBIT GUARDSMAN, GORDON SHUMWAY, WHO HAS ENCOUNTERED A THREAT SO GREAT, ONLY YOU CAN POSSIBLY SAVE US ALL!
WHO?
HOO?
HŪ?
WHOO?
MAGMEATO!
41


HE BELIEVES MELMUTANTS SHOULD CONQUER AND RULE THIS WORLD INSTEAD OF HELPING OUR FELLOW MELMEN! YOU MUST TELL HIM TO PUT A SOCK IN IT!


SO, GO ALREADY, MY UNCANNED X-MELMEN! THE ORBIT GUARDSMAN SHALL LEAD YOU TO MAGMEATO!
TO HANGAR
AWRITE, GORDY-BOY! WE'LL KICK TAIL JUST LIKE MICHIGAN DID IN THE ROSE BOWL LAST YEAR! YOU WAS WATCHIN' OF COURSE?
OOOOF... OF C-C-COURSE!
LEAVE HIM BE, WOLVIE!
MELEVATOR
6


YOU CAN SIT IN THE COCKPIT, GORDON! THERE'S AN EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO ME...
THANKS!
Sigh! ...WHERE MY OLD GIRLFRIEND USED TO SIT!
THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXTRA SEAT THERE!
WHO WANTS TO SIT NEXT TO HIM AND HEAR HIM WHINE ABOUT HIS LOVESICK LIFE?
41
UNLEADED ONLY
X-ON

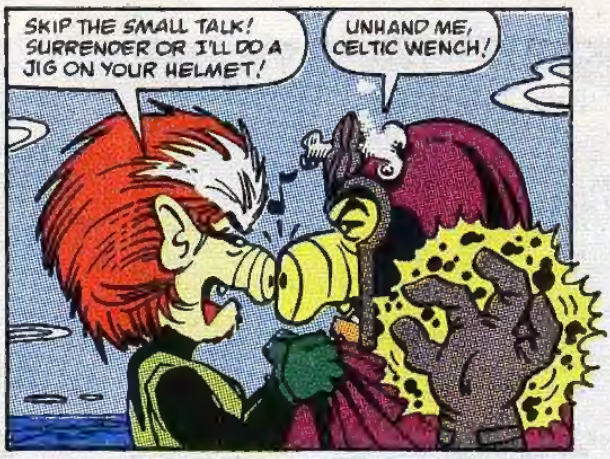
ATOMIC BATTERIES TO POWER... TURBINES TO SPEED... WE'RE OFF! WHERE TO, GORDON?
THE MEL MACARIBBEAN SEA... JUST SOUTH OF THE BAY OF FIGS!
VOOM!

SOON...
SO IT'S 4TH DOWN AND ONE YARD TO THE WINNING T.D. --
OCH, YER T.D. AWRITE, TE DI-OUS!!
HEY!

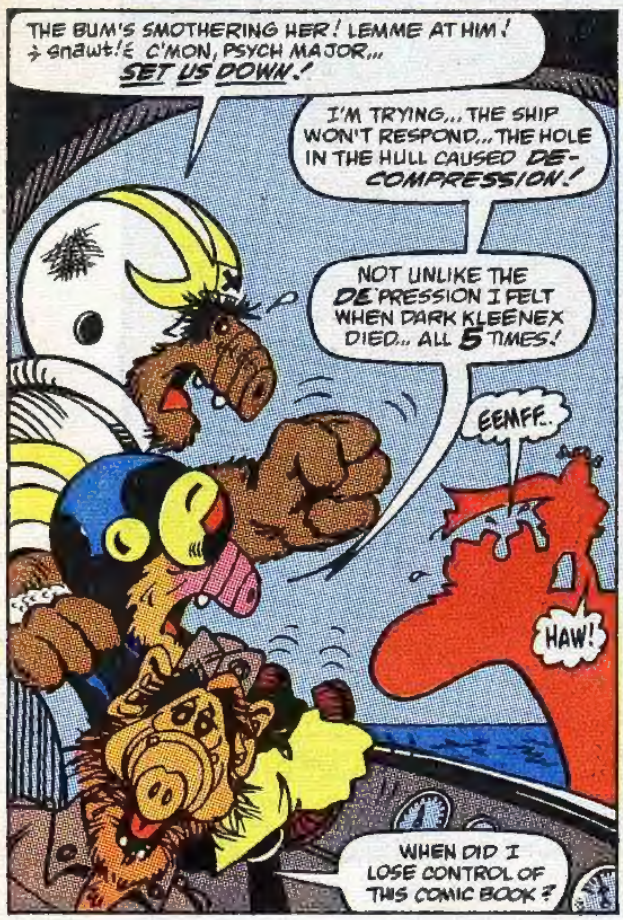
QUIET BACK THERE! NO BICKERING... LIKE WE USED TO QUARREL WHEN MY DARLING GIRLFRIEND, DARK KLEENEX, WAS ALIVE!...
OCH! SAINTS PRESERVE US!
groan!
HERE WE GO!
NOT AGAIN!!
HEY! THERE'S MAGMEATO'S SHIP!

AYE! GOOD EYE, GORDON! I NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO GET AWAY FROM THESE BORING BOYOS!!! IT'S A BIT OF A SCRAP I'M AFTER!
BROGUE- WAIT!
FLAMIN' HOT-HEADED SPUD!
POW!
7

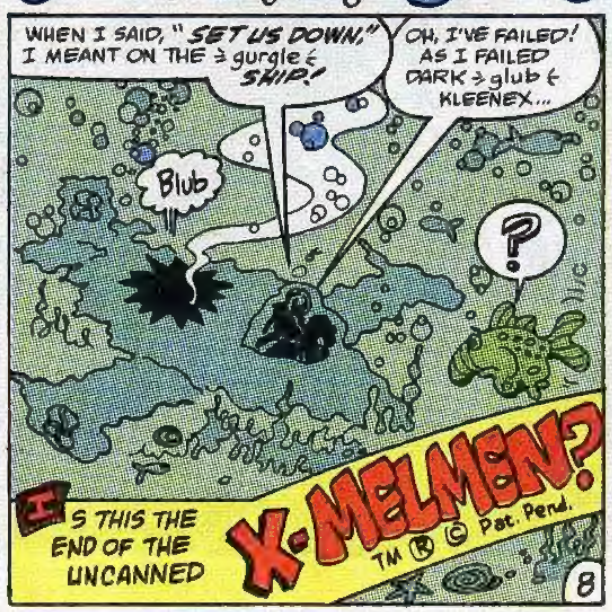
WELL, NOW... WE MEAT AT LAST, LADDIE!!
WHOA!
EEK!
HANG ON!
OOP!
AH, THE FAIR MELMACOLLEEN!

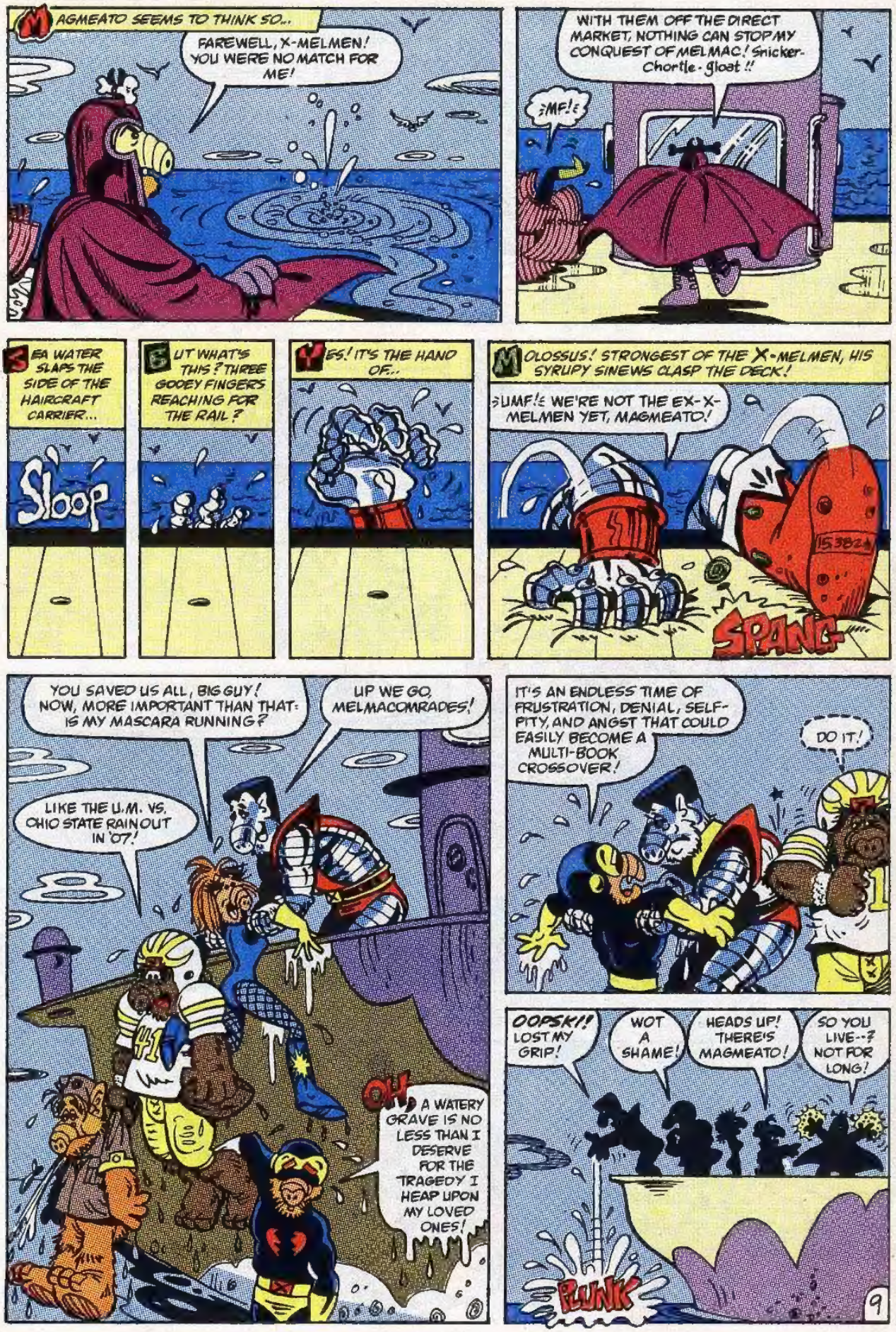

SKIP THE SMALL TALK! SURRENDER OR I'LL DO A JIG ON YOUR HELMET!
UNHAND ME, CELTIC WENCH!

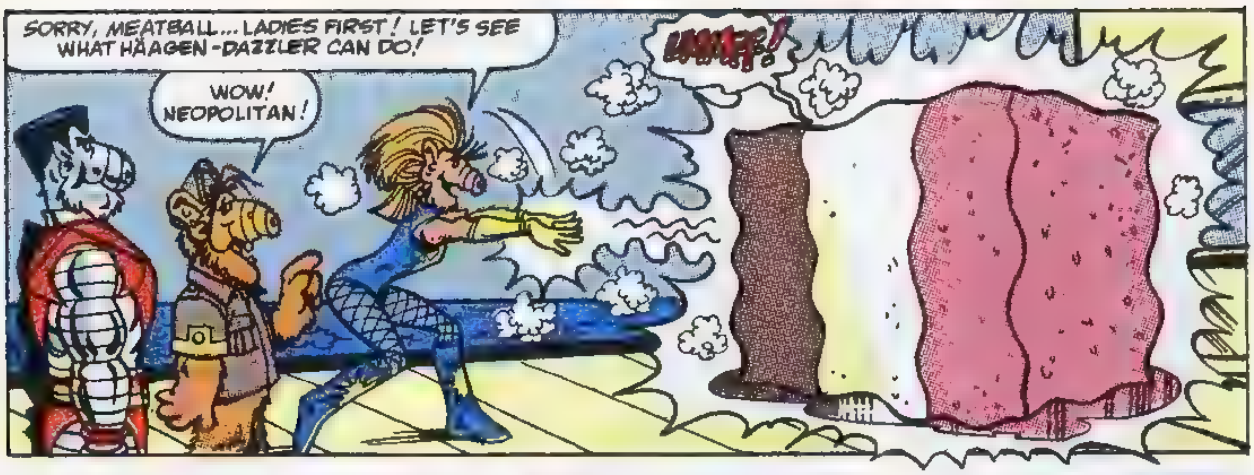
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! I COMMAND AN ARMY OF BABY BACK RIBS TO ENSNARE YOU, BROGUE!
EEK! 'TIS A GHASTLY FATE!

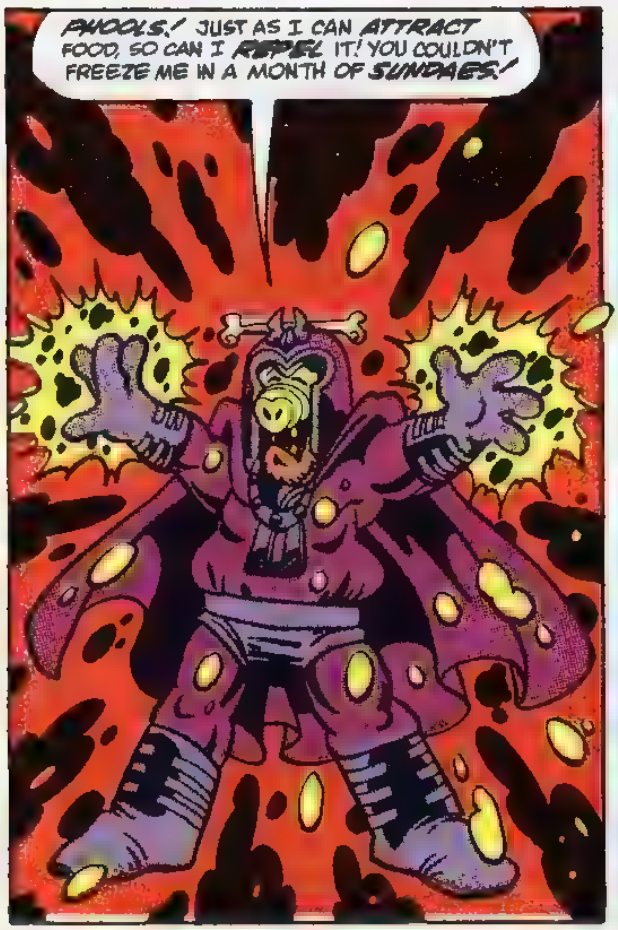

THE BUM'S SMOTHERING HER! LEMME AT HIM! ≥ gnawt! ≤ C'MON, PSYCH MAJOR... SET US DOWN.!
I'M TRYING... THE SHIP WON'T RESPOND... THE HOLE IN THE HULL CAUSED DE-COMPRESSION.!
NOT UNLIKE THE DE'PRESSION I FELT WHEN DARK KLEENEX DIED... ALL 5 TIMES!
EEMFF..
HAW!
WHEN DID I LOSE CONTROL OF THIS COMIC BOOK?

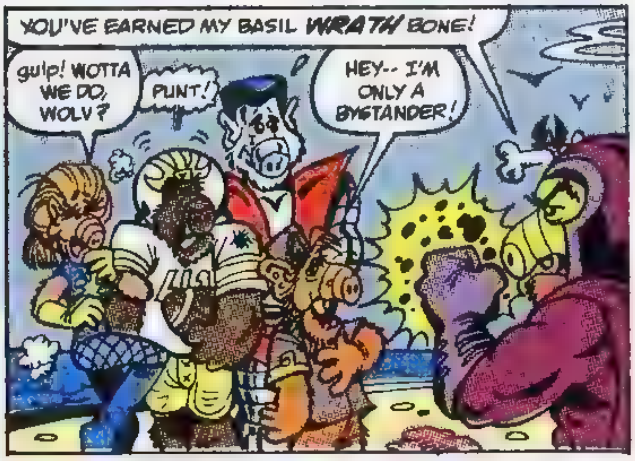
SPLOSH!

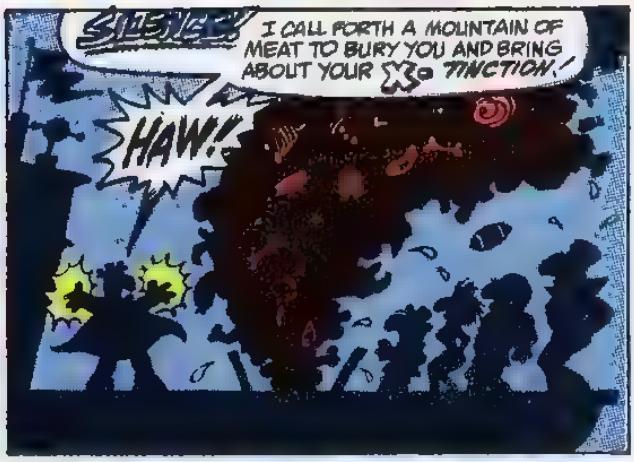

WHEN I SAID, "SET US DOWN," I MEANT ON THE ≥ gurgle ≤ SHIP!
OH, I'VE FAILED! AS I FAILED DARK ≥ glub ≤ KLEENEX...
Blub
?
IS THIS THE END OF THE UNCANNED
X-MELMEN?
TM ® © Pat. Pend.
8

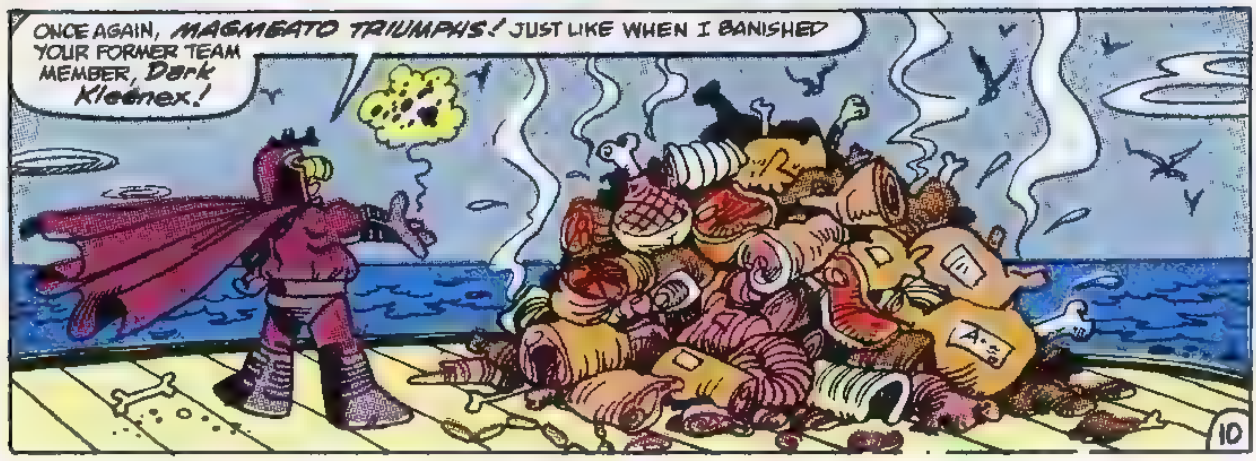

MAGMEATO SEEMS TO THINK SO...
FAREWELL, X-MELMEN! YOU WERE NO MATCH FOR ME!
WITH THEM OFF THE DIRECT MARKET, NOTHING CAN STOP MY CONQUEST OF MELMAC! Snicker-Chortle-gloat!!
SMF!
SEA WATER SLAPS THE SIDE OF THE HAIRCRAFT CARRIER...
SLOOP
BUT WHAT'S THIS? THREE GOOEY FINGERS REACHING FOR THE RAIL?
YES! IT'S THE HAND OF...
COLOSSUS! STRONGEST OF THE X-MELMEN, HIS SYRUPY SINEWS CLASP THE DECK!
SUMF! WE'RE NOT THE EX-X-MELMEN YET, MAGMEATO!
15382
SPANG
YOU SAVED US ALL, BIG GUY! NOW, MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT: IS MY MASCARA RUNNING?
UP WE GO, MELMACOMRADES!
LIKE THE U.M. VS. OHIO STATE RAINOUT IN '07!
OH
A WATERY GRAVE IS NO LESS THAN I DESERVE FOR THE TRAGEDY I HEAP UPON MY LOVED ONES!
IT'S AN ENDLESS TIME OF FRUSTRATION, DENIAL, SELF-PITY, AND ANGST THAT COULD EASILY BECOME A MULTI-BOOK CROSSOVER!
DO IT!
OOPSK!! LOST MY GRIP!
WOT A SHAME!
HEADS UP! THERE'S MAGMEATO!
SO YOU LIVE--? NOT FOR LONG!
PLUNK
9


SORRY, MEATBALL... LADIES FIRST! LET'S SEE WHAT HÄAGEN-DAZZLER CAN DO!
WOW! NEOPOLITAN!
UNNH!


PHOOLS! JUST AS I CAN ATTRACT FOOD, SO CAN I REPEL IT! YOU COULDN'T FREEZE ME IN A MONTH OF SUNDAES!

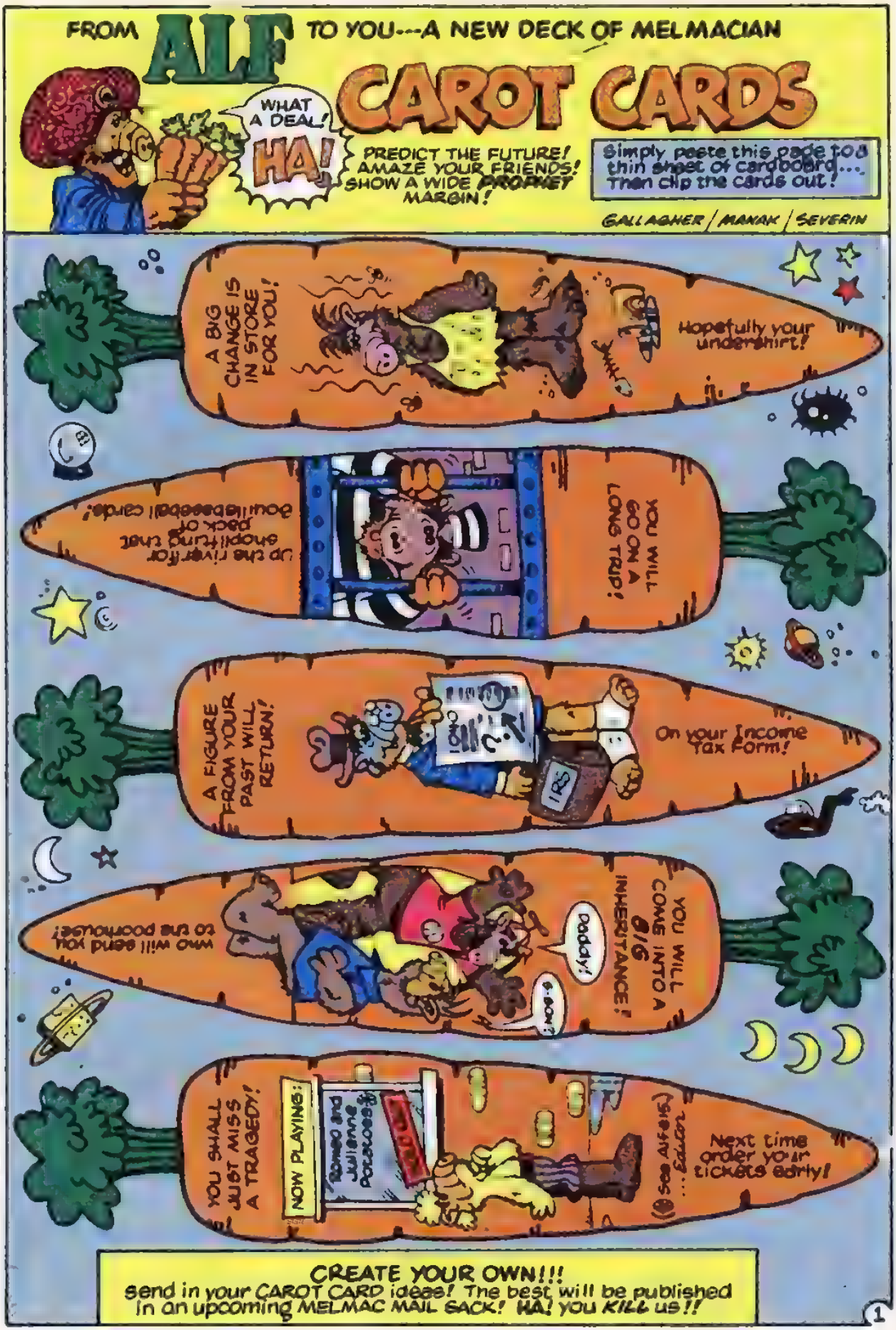

YOU'VE EARNED MY BASIL WRATH BONE!
gulp! WOTTA WE DO, WOLV?
PUNT!
HEY-- I'M ONLY A BYSTANDER!

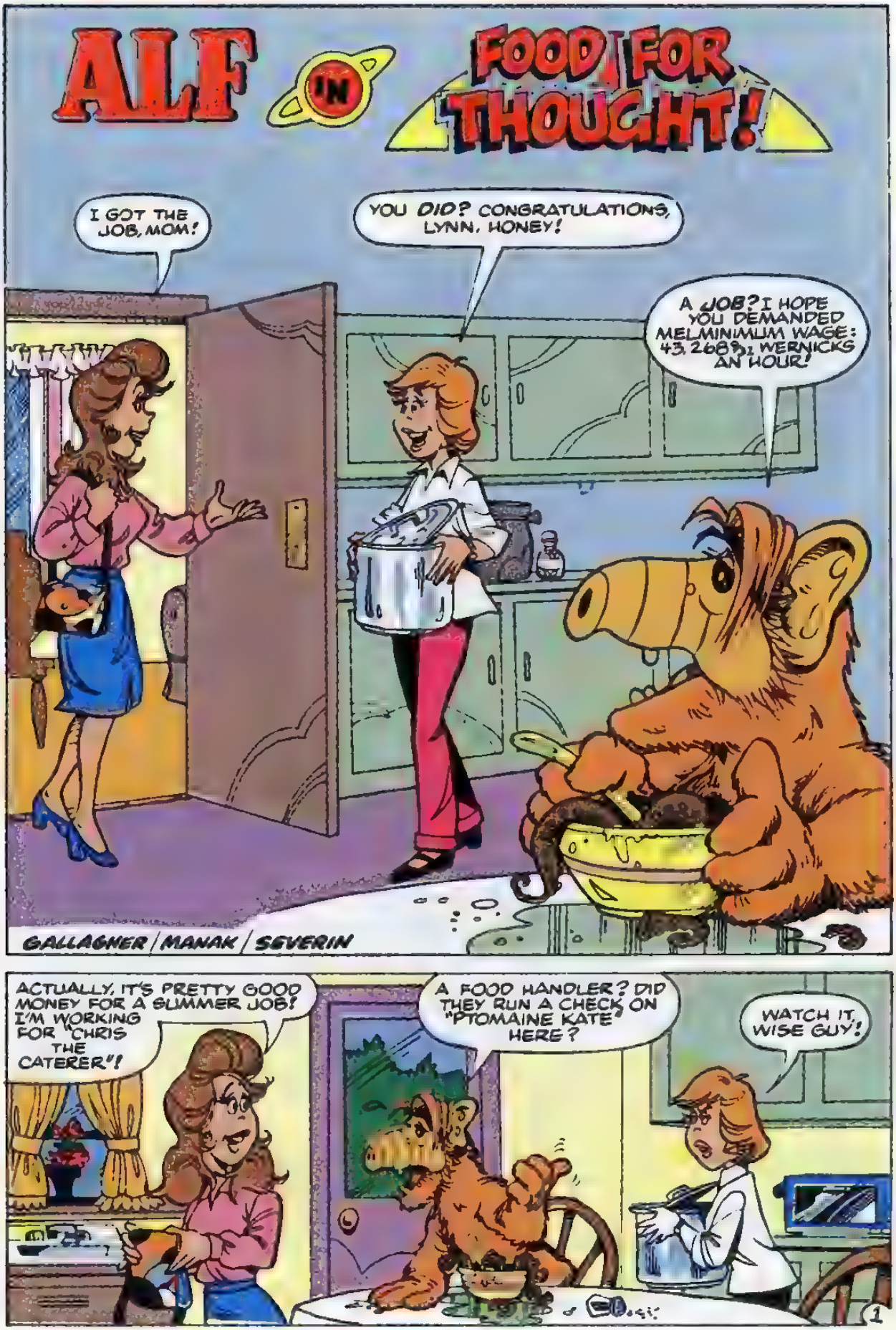

SLEIGE!
I CALL FORTH A MOUNTAIN OF MEAT TO BURY YOU AND BRING ABOUT YOUR EXTINCTION!
HAW!


ONCE AGAIN, MAGMEATO TRIUMPHS! JUST LIKE WHEN I BANISHED YOUR FORMER TEAM MEMBER, Dark Kleenex!
10

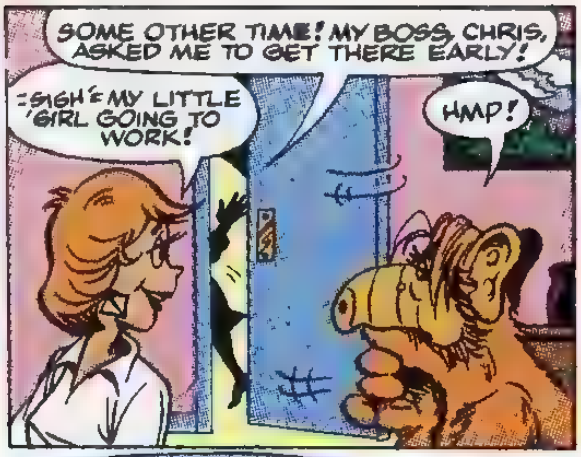
I HEARD THAT, YOU MELMADMAN!
ZNOT!
WHOP!
AGAIN!
IT'S MR LONELY-- PSYCH-MAJOR!
SURRENDER, MAGMEATO! DON'T FORCE ME TO MAKE YOU SUFFER! .. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO SUFFER! LIKE THE PAIN OF A BROKEN HEART!
zzzzzzzzzz
OW!
LIKE THE AGONY OF LISTENING TO YOU BLATHER!
LET ME ESCAPE OR I'LL HURL YOUR MEATLY WRAPPED FRIENDS INTO THE SEA AGAIN!
I DOUBT THAT, MAGMEATO!
ZHAP!
OW!
UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE INCURRING SOME DAMAGE DURING SHIPPING!
YOU'RE PAYING FOR MY CLEANING BILL, BOZO!
THE X MELMEN ARE FREE! THANKS TO GORDON, HERE, WHO ATE US A TUNNEL THROUGH THE HUMONGOUS MASS OF MEAT!
IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO!
AN' HE GOT ME OUT JUST IN TIME FER YOU TA HIT MY FIST REPEATEDLY WITH YOUR FACE!
NO!
I SURRENDER!!
=Sniff=
BLAP!
41

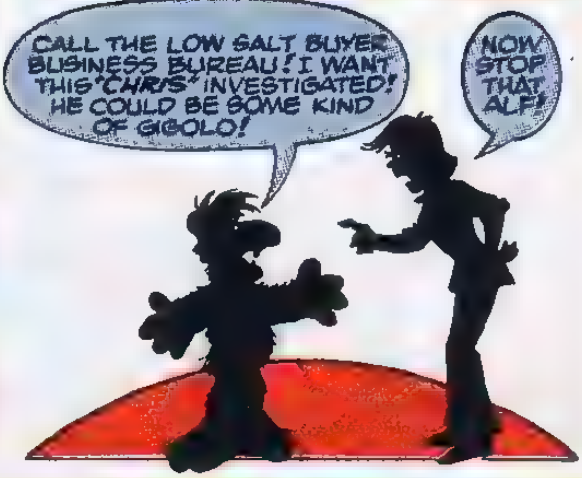
MAGMEATO WAS TURNED OVER TO ME! I CALLED THE ORBIT GUARD F.L.Y. S.W.A.T. TEAM TO COME TAKE HIM AWAY! JUST BEFORE THEY ARRIVED, THE X-MELMEN FLEW BACK INTO OBSCURITY! *
CURSES!
HASTA LA PIZZA!
OUCH!
sigh...
OBSCURITY? I THOUGHT WE LIVED IN MELAWARE!
SHADDAP!
BUT WAIT! MAGMEATO SAID HE BANISHED DARK KLEENEX! SHE COULD STILL BE ALIVE!... WE'RE TALKING SEQUEL! MINI-SERIES!!! OUR OWN SPIN-OFF BI-MONTHLY!!!
La Fin
* LET US KNOW IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE X-MELMEN RETURN--WRITE THE MELMAC MAIL SACK.-- Editor
A FASCINATING STORY-- AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR: "ALF'S CLEAN-UP SERVICE"!
MULTI-BUMMER, MAN!
C'MON, WILL-O'-THE-WISK! YOU TAKE THIS CHORE... I'LL DO ANOTHER! I'LL CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE T.V. REMOTE CONTROL!
I HAVE A CHORE, THANK YOU!
I'VE GOT SEVERAL BAGS OF GROCERIES TO UNLOAD!
NO PROBLEM! "GALLANT GORDON, THE SUPER HERO" SHALL HELP PUT THEM AWAY!
Chomp!
FIRST I'LL PUT AWAY THIS CHEESECAKE!
BURP!
THEN I'LL PUT AWAY THESE OYSTERS!
ANY CALVES LIVER I CAN PUT AWAY?
Slurp!
MILK
THE ONLY "HERO" I SEE AROUND HERE IS THIS HOAGIE I BOUGHT FOR LUNCH!
12
The End

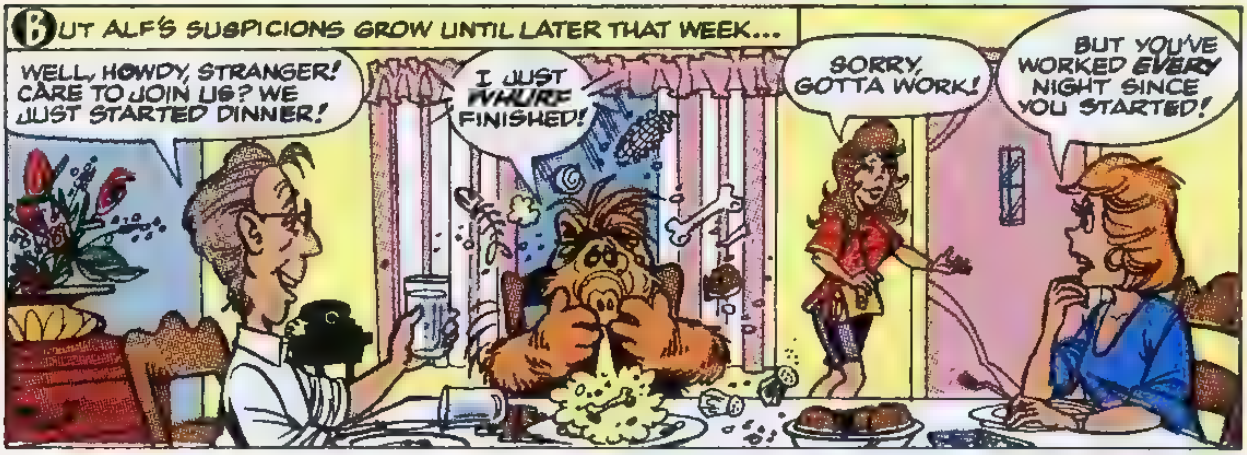

FROM ALF TO YOU---A NEW DECK OF MELMACIAN
CAROT CARDS
WHAT A DEAL!
HA!
PREDICT THE FUTURE! AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS! SHOW A WIDE PROPHET MARGIN!
Simply paste this page to a thin sheet of cardboard... Then clip the cards out!
GALLAGHER / MANAK / SEVERIN
A BIG CHANGE IS IN STORE FOR YOU!
Hopefully your undershirt!
YOU WILL GO ON A LONG TRIP!
up the river for shoplifting that pack of baseball cards!
A FIGURE FROM YOUR PAST WILL RETURN!
IRS
On your Income Tax Form!
YOU WILL COME INTO A BIG INHERITANCE!
Daddy!
$-BOY!
who will send you to the poorhouse!
YOU SHALL JUST MISS A TRAGEDY!
NOW PLAYING:
Romeo and Juliette Potatoes
(See Alf #61) ...Editor
Next time order your tickets early!
CREATE YOUR OWN!!!
send in your CAROT CARD ideas! The best will be published in an upcoming MELMAC MAIL SACK! HA! you KILL us!!
1


ALF IN
FOOD FOR THOUGHT!
I GOT THE JOB, MOM!
YOU DID? CONGRATULATIONS, LYNN, HONEY!
A JOB? I HOPE YOU DEMANDED MELMINIMUM WAGE: 43,268½ WERNICKS AN HOUR!
GALLAGHER/MANAK/SEVERIN
ACTUALLY, IT'S PRETTY GOOD MONEY FOR A SUMMER JOB! I'M WORKING FOR "CHRIS THE CATERER"!
A FOOD HANDLER? DID THEY RUN A CHECK ON "PTOMAINE KATE" HERE?
WATCH IT, WISE GUY!
1

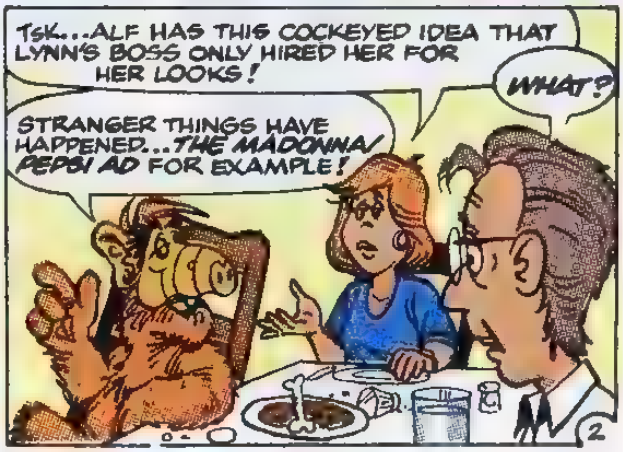
I'D LOVE TO CHAT ABOUT IT, BUT I START WORK TONIGHT! SO, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
SURE, LYNN...
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS CHRIS THE CATERER? IS IT A "FORTUNA FISH 500" COMPANY?

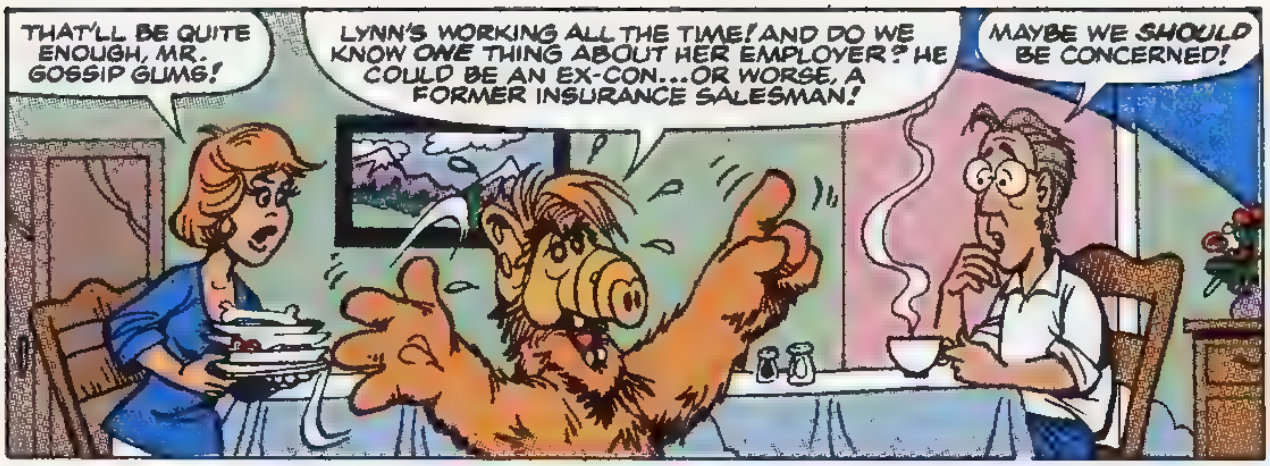

SOME OTHER TIME! MY BOSS, CHRIS, ASKED ME TO GET THERE EARLY!
SIGH MY LITTLE GIRL GOING TO WORK!
HMP!

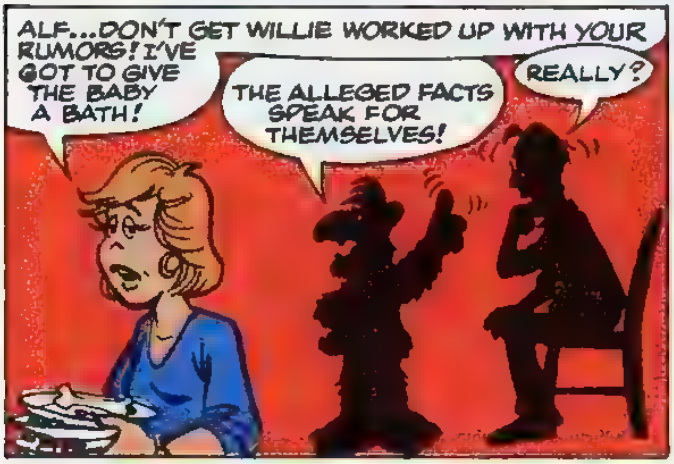

CALL THE LOW SALT BUYER BUSINESS BUREAU! I WANT THIS "CHRIS" INVESTIGATED! HE COULD BE SOME KIND OF GIGOLO!
NOW STOP THAT, ALF!

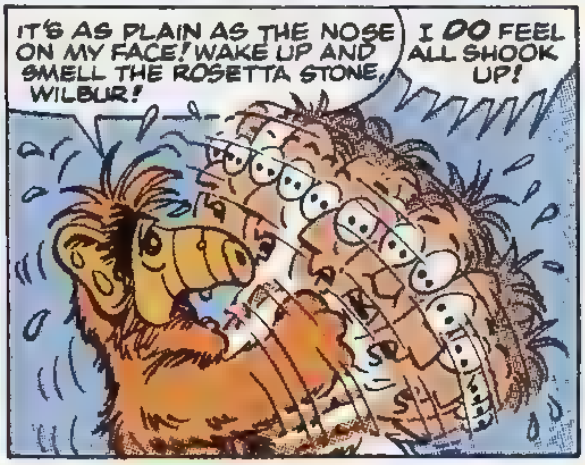

BUT ALF'S SUSPICIONS GROW UNTIL LATER THAT WEEK...
WELL, HOWDY, STRANGER! CARE TO JOIN US? WE JUST STARTED DINNER!
I JUST FINISHED!
SORRY, GOTTA WORK!
BUT YOU'VE WORKED EVERY NIGHT SINCE YOU STARTED!

WHAT CAN I SAY? MY BOSS, CHRIS, CAN'T DO WITHOUT ME! SEE YOU LATER, DON'T WAIT UP!
HMM...
WHO SEES THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL? HANDS?
HUH?
SLAM!

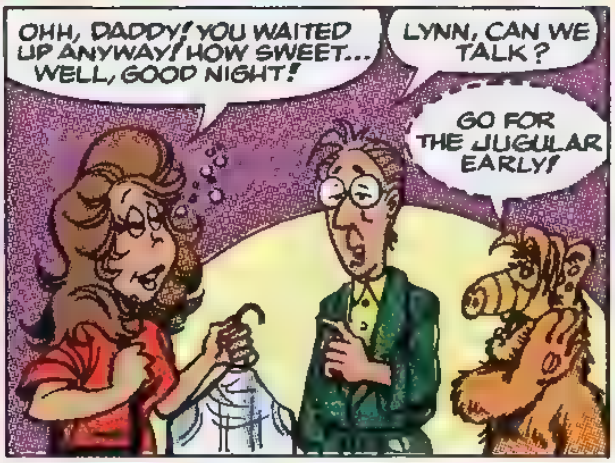

TSK...ALF HAS THIS COCKEYED IDEA THAT LYNN'S BOSS ONLY HIRED HER FOR HER LOOKS!
WHAT?
STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED...THE MADONNA/PEPSI AD FOR EXAMPLE!
2

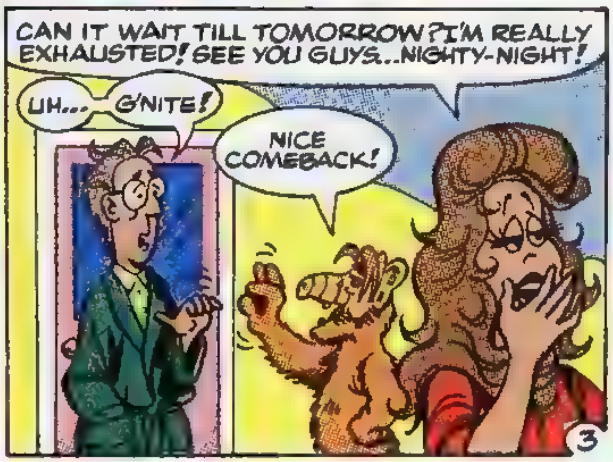

THAT'LL BE QUITE ENOUGH, MR. GOSSIP GUMS!
LYNN'S WORKING ALL THE TIME! AND DO WE KNOW ONE THING ABOUT HER EMPLOYER? HE COULD BE AN EX-CON...OR WORSE, A FORMER INSURANCE SALESMAN!
MAYBE WE SHOULD BE CONCERNED!


ALF...DON'T GET WILLIE WORKED UP WITH YOUR RUMORS! I'VE GOT TO GIVE THE BABY A BATH!
THE ALLEGED FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!
REALLY?

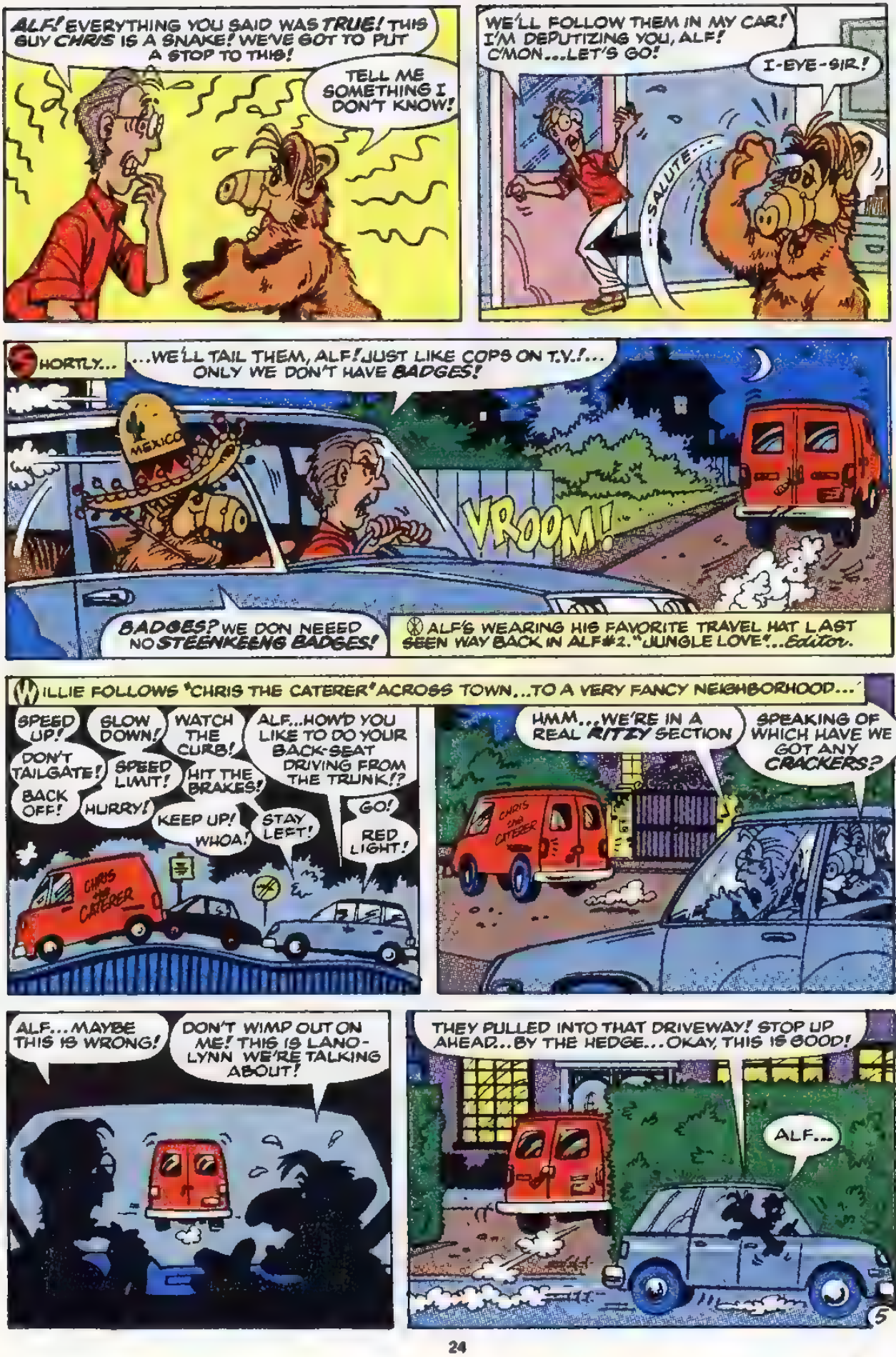

IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE! WAKE UP AND SMELL THE ROSETTA STONE, WILBUR!
I DO FEEL ALL SHOOK UP!

ALF WORKS ON WILLIE RELENTLESSLY, CONVINCING HIM THAT CHRIS THE CATERER IS UP TO NO GOOD! AND SO, MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT...
HERE SHE COMES! BE FIRM, YET CALM! BE EARNEST, YET PATERNAL! BE GLIB, YET ARISTOTELIAN!
BE QUIET...
YAWN...


OHH, DADDY! YOU WAITED UP ANYWAY! HOW SWEET... WELL, GOOD NIGHT!
LYNN, CAN WE TALK?
GO FOR THE JUGULAR EARLY!


CAN IT WAIT TILL TOMORROW? I'M REALLY EXHAUSTED! SEE YOU GUYS...NIGHTY-NIGHT!
UH... G'NITE!
NICE COMEBACK!
3

OHHH...I FEEL TERRIBLE!
I SHOULD THINK SO! I COULD CARVE A FIRMER FATHER FIGURE OUT OF A RIPE BANANA!
I FEEL TERRIBLE BECAUSE I LET YOU FILL MY HEAD WITH INNUENDO AND GOBBLEDY-GOOK!
I'M JUST TRYING TO AVOID AN UGLY SCENE LIKE MIKE SCHMIDT'S RETIREMENT SPEECH!
HARUMPH! JUST KEEP YOUR TABLOID TONGUE IN YOUR MOUTH! GOOD NIGHT!
FINE! I WASH MY HANDS OF IT! AND KATE WILL TELL YOU THAT'S SOMETHING I DON'T DO VERY OFTEN!
Schlorp!
Goob!
lick!
slurk!
NO SO, THE NEXT EVENING...
SORRY TO MISS SUPPER, DADDY!... I'VE GOT TO WORK AGAIN TONIGHT!
THAT'S OKAY, IT'S JUST ME AND ALF! EVERYONE'S OVER AT GRANDMAMA MIA!
WHAT'S WITH THE FRENCH MAID OUTFIT?
NICE, HUH? IT'S MY NEW UNIFORM! CHRIS PICKED IT OUT!
NOW JUST A...
BEEP!
OOPS! THERE'S THE CATERING VAN! SEE YOU LATER-BYE!
I GOT THOSE I-TOLD-YOU-SO -BLUES


ALF! EVERYTHING YOU SAID WAS TRUE! THIS GUY CHRIS IS A SNAKE! WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS!
TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM IN MY CAR! I'M DEPUTIZING YOU, ALF! C'MON...LET'S GO!
I-EYE-SIR!
SALUTE...
SHORTLY...
...WE'LL TAIL THEM, ALF! JUST LIKE COPS ON T.V.!... ONLY WE DON'T HAVE BADGES!
MEXICO
VROOM!
BADGES? WE DON NEEED NO STEENKEENG BADGES!
ALF'S WEARING HIS FAVORITE TRAVEL HAT LAST SEEN WAY BACK IN ALF#2. "JUNGLE LOVE"...Editor.
WILLIE FOLLOWS "CHRIS THE CATERER" ACROSS TOWN...TO A VERY FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD...
SPEED UP!
SLOW DOWN!
WATCH THE CURB!
ALF...HOW'D YOU LIKE TO DO YOUR BACK-SEAT DRIVING FROM THE TRUNK!?
DON'T TAILGATE!
SPEED LIMIT!
HIT THE BRAKES!
BACK OFF!
HURRY!
KEEP UP!
WHOA!
STAY LEFT!
GO!
RED LIGHT!
CHRIS the CATERER
HMM...WE'RE IN A REAL RITZY SECTION
SPEAKING OF WHICH HAVE WE GOT ANY CRACKERS?
CHRIS the CATERER
ALF...MAYBE THIS IS WRONG!
DON'T WIMP OUT ON ME! THIS IS LANO-LYNN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!
THEY PULLED INTO THAT DRIVEWAY! STOP UP AHEAD...BY THE HEDGE...OKAY, THIS IS GOOD!
ALF...
5

NO BELGIAN WAFFLING NOW! I'M GOING UNDERCOVER! HONK THE HORN TWICE IF YOU NEED ME!
WAIT!
WILLIE, PLEASE! I SPIED WITH THE BEST OF THEM...JAMES BONDOOGLE... AGENT 007-11!⊛
YES... BUT..
⊛IN ALF #16 "The Spy Who Came in from the Mold"... Ed.
LATER, PARTNER!...I'M GONNA SCRAMBLE THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AND SNEAK A PEAK AT CHRIS THE CATERER'! IF I'M RIGHT, THE NEXT THING HE'LL BE SERVING IS 8-15 YEARS!
AND SO, ALF MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HEDGE...
YEAH... WITHOUT ANY :BURP: MAYONNAISE!
:CHOKE: I HATE TO THINK OF POOR, IMPRESSIONABLE LYNN BEING MANIPULATED BY THIS DISREPUTABLE MELMAL CONTENT!
CHRIS the CATERER
THERE'S HER SILHOUETTE NOW! THE POOR INNOCENT LAMBCHOP! THIS JUST BREAKS MY HEART!
:SNORF: THAT'S ALL I CAN STANDS! I CAN'T STANDS NO MORE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
HONK
BLAT
6

Star Signals

Meet Super-Star: TONY FRANCO

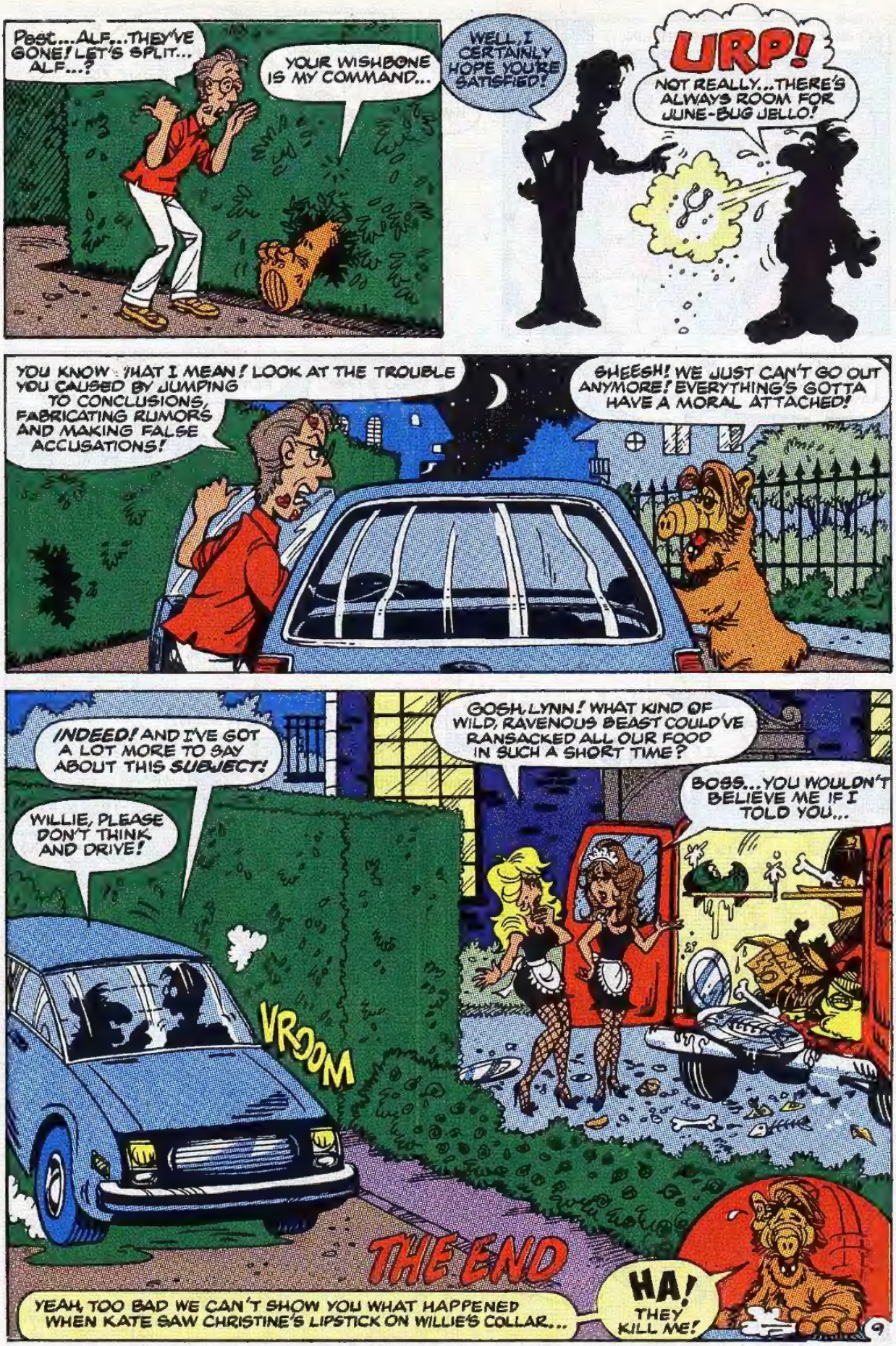
Writer on: FLINTSTONE KIDS.
Marvel freelance credits (past): Penciler on HEATHCLIFF. Writer on HUGGA BUNCH, POPPLES, and FOOFUR.
My hobbies are: Collecting Comics, Movies, especially Horror and Comedy, Reading, Collecting Caps (Hats, not Bottle).
The single work of which I am most proud is: Always the next assignment.
My pet peeves are: Pretentiousness and apathy
My place of birth is: Union City, New Jersey.
My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: Receiving my Master's degree in Criminal Justice at John Jay.
My oddest habit is: The ability to put peanut butter and jelly on almost anything edible.
If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: Michael J. Fox, Dudley Moore, or Mickey Mouse.
The reason I got into comics was: To communicate with people.
People who knew me in High School thought I was: The cartoonist of the class.
My favorite performers are: The Three Stooges, Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello.
The last good book I read was: The Honeymooner's Companion.
The last good movie I saw was: Who Framed Roger Rabbit.
The biggest influences on my work include: Jack Kirby, Walt Kelly, Milt Caniff, Al Capp, Walt Disney, Chuck Jones, and Tex Avery.
My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: To develop my own characters.
The worst part of my job is: Trying to fit in a 36 hour day.
When nobody's looking I like to: Relax.
The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: I care.

Checklist

- HEATHCLIFF #34, #35
- MUPPET BABIES #26
- COUNT DUCKULA #5
- ALF #16, #17

KIDNAP HER AWAY FROM THE FIEND FOR HER OWN GOOD!
EEMF!
FUMF!
HONK-HONK!
GOOD TIMING, WILLIE! HERE I COME WITH THIS CASE ALL WRAPPED UP... HA!
HMM?
OKAY, DOUBLE U! I GOT LYNN...
OH, HIYA, LYNN...
LYNN!
MMLF!
HOMINA-HOMINA...HOMINA... IF YOU'RE THERE, WHO HAVE I GOT HERE?
HFMBL..
MY BOSS, ALF! CHRISTINE, THE CATERER!
I'M SO ASHAMED!
CHRISTINE? YOUR BOSS IS A WOMAN? :ULP: B-BUT THE SKIMPY OUTFIT...
WE'RE CATERING A MASQUERADE BALL! IT'S A COSTUME!
SIGH!
OH!
MOAN!
UMF?
SORRY ABOUT THAT, CHEF! LET ME UNWRAP HER!
NO! ALF... SHE'LL SEE YOU!!!
OH, YEAH!
?

QUICK PLAN IS AGREED ON...
AND...
UNHAND-HER-YOU-CAD!
HANDS OFF, YA FLAT-FOOTED-FOUR-EYED-HOMO-SAPIEN!
EEK!
HMM!
NOW-RUN-LIKE-THE COWARD-YOU-AM-ER-ARE!
?
WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT...
MOVE IT, GORDY CAGNEY... NOW!
Top o' the world, Ma...
YOU'RE SAFE, NOW, MA'AM!
MMW?
OH, THANK YOU, KIND SIR!
LYNN! I WAS KIDNAPED BY SOME CREEP! I...I!
I KNOW, CHRIS! THIS PASSERBY SAVED YOU!
SNIP...PRO NOBLEM ...err...NO PROBLEM!
THANKS, MISTER! YOU RENEW A WOMAN'S FAITH IN HER FELLOW MAN!
ULP!
OOP!
UMM!
gasp!
KISS!
KISS!
KISS!
SMOOCH!
SMACK
YOU, TOO, LYNN! I'M GIVING YOU A RAISE! LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!
WHOOOO!
8


Psst...ALF...THEY'VE GONE! LET'S SPLIT... ALF...?
YOUR WISHBONE IS MY COMMAND...
WELL, I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
URP!
NOT REALLY...THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR JUNE-BUG JELLO!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! LOOK AT THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED BY JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, FABRICATING RUMORS AND MAKING FALSE ACCUSATIONS!
SHEESH! WE JUST CAN'T GO OUT ANYMORE! EVERYTHING'S GOTTA HAVE A MORAL ATTACHED!
INDEED! AND I'VE GOT A LOT MORE TO SAY ABOUT THIS SUBJECT!
WILLIE, PLEASE DON'T THINK AND DRIVE!
VROOM
GOSH, LYNN! WHAT KIND OF WILD, RAVENOUS BEAST COULD'VE RANSACKED ALL OUR FOOD IN SUCH A SHORT TIME?
BOSS...YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU...
THE END
YEAH, TOO BAD WE CAN'T SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED WHEN KATE SAW CHRISTINE'S LIPSTICK ON WILLIE'S COLLAR...
HA! THEY KILL ME!
9

MELMAC MAIL SACK

SID JACOBSON: EDITOR LISA TRUSIANI: ASST. EDITOR
c/o STAR COMICS, 387 PARK AVE. SOUTH, NYC, NY 10016

Dear ALF,

There's this kid at school who keeps bugging me. He is a pain in the neck! What should I do?

Nathen Lemon
Long Beach, CA

This guy sounds like a real *louse*! Seems to us, you have several options. You could *flea*... or you could *beet*-le him up. HA! Less violent (but smellier) would be insecticide.

Dear ALF,

How are all those cats? Well, I've got three, so if you want to stop by soon, I wouldn't mind.

My room has posters, a telephone, mirrors, dolls, stickers, valentines, kites, calendars, mail, and a windsock, all of YOU!

Alf, you're my hero!

Leisha Nordtug
Havre, MT

Awww. A hero... and Alf didn't even do anything! Nothing that is, except be his usual handsome, charming, gluttonous, obnoxious, furry self. Hm. Well, maybe he has done enough--quite enough!

Dear Gordon Shumway,

I want to know how to win a girl over. I need your advice about a girl named Heather. She's beautiful. I want you to write five love letters and I'll do the rest. Can you do that for me?

Oh, and can you send me some wernicks?

Christopher Graves
Presque Isle, ME

This request reminds us very much of a fellow named Cyrano de Bergerac... who come to think of it, had a nose very much like Alf's!!

Sorry, Christopher, but no wernicks are available at this time--only advice, which we're always glad to share... even if you don't want it! Winning the heart of a beautiful girl is indeed tricky. We suggest you try some classic Melmacian lines, like "Your eyes are shinier than waxed cockroaches!" or "Your nose is like stale candy!"

We guarantee you'll get a reaction.

Dear ALF,

I think you are the cutest furball on Earth. I liked your style in the beginning of issue #15 ["The Run Run Run Run Runaway"], when you were watching heavy metal on TV, but Kate made you change channels.

I have a great idea! Make an issue where Rhonda comes to Earth but says she has to go back.

Please write back with $100. HA! Just kidding, forget the $100.

Jessica Wheeler
Surrey, British Columbia
Canada

Hundred dollars? What hundred dollars?? (See? Forgetting requests for money is definitely no problem!)

FYI, Rhonda did show up on Earth once already (see ALF ANNUAL #1 for details). She totally disrupted the Tanner household, then took off, heading toward a place called New Melmac... where rumor has it she's creating a clone of Alf from one of his nose hairs. Wonder what happened, eh?

Dear ALF,

Yo! I wanted to let you know that older people enjoy reading your comic book. As you could probably guess from my stationery, I'm in the Navy, protecting the good ol' USA from foreign enemies (but we're not worried about aliens from Melmac!).

Some of my friends think I'm a bit crazy for being 29 and reading your comic books... but they just don't know you as well I do, Alfmeister!

Keep those monthly issues coming and keep up those super-size issues and annuals. I've got them all so far.

All for now, I must get back to your TV show...

Gerry Kallin
Great Lakes, IL

Glad to hear from you, Gerry. This just proves our favorite theory once again, that truly funny stories appeal to *all* ages!

Be assured, however, that you are definitely *not* the only adult reading ALF comics. In fact, 'round these offices, extra copies of ALF are grabbed up immediately, by other editorial folk--and we're all way beyond childhood (or so the theory goes)!

For that matter, if you want to mention actual years, think about Alf himself. He's 400-plus, and he's still going *through* this stuff!

Dear Alf creators,

Good work, keep it up, I love it, thank you. I collect ALF comics and love them, but let's see more of the WOTIF machine. And I would like to see Jake (from the TV show).

Robbie Wagler
LaGrange, IN

Wotif we don't? Eh, Robbie? In fact, these are all good ideas, and we shall pass them along...

Dear Alfmeister,

This is my first time writing. Is it true you can make perfume from your radiator fluid? Well, I am not going to try.

Tim Boggs
Alum Creek, WV

Your girlfriend and mother will appreciate *that*, we're sure!

Dear Alfster,

I'm an eleven-year-old earth boy who is one of your biggest fans. I've been trying to get anything I can in the last year and a half. The only thing I need now is your autograph. Will you tell me how to get it?

10-Q!

Eddie Kolota
Clyde, OH

YIKES! You're trying to get *anything you can get*? Does that include dollars, wernicks, and spare spaceships that might be lying around?? Well, no way are you coming to the Tanners!

10-Q, and *goodbye*!!